

OH NO, NOT THEM

"ARMED AND STUPID"

by

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FINAL DRAFT
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Teaser
Int. Middle Class
Liv. Rm. - Night
(Robin, Phil, Timmy)

FADE IN:

INT. TYPICAL MIDDLE CLASS LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

(A TYPICAL MIDDLE CLASS FAMILY, ROBIN AND PHIL AND LITTLE TIMMY, SEVEN, SETTLING DOWN FOR AN EVENING OF TELEVISION VIEWING. ROBIN LOOKS IN THE TV GUIDE)

ROBIN

Oh look, they're premiering a
new series on FOX tonight.

PHIL

Who cares. All the new shows
are crap. There hasn't been
anything decent since Flipper.

ROBIN

Oh, let's give it a chance.

PHIL

All the new comedies are
exactly the same. People
sitting around on their
living room sofas. Yakita,
yakita, yakita. That's
nothing like real life.

(HE LOOKS AROUND THE ROOM AND REALIZES THAT'S
EXACTLY WHAT HIS LIFE IS LIKE)

PHIL (CONT'D)

Okay, okay, so it's exactly
like real life. I still hate
it.

(WE GO INTO THE TELEVISION SET AND SEE THE VERY CREATIVE AND UNIQUE OPENING TITLES OF OH NO, NOT THEM. THEN WE COME BACK TO THE COUPLE)

ROBIN

Well, that was very clever.

PHIL

Of course it was. They get clever guys to write the opening credits but then the no-talent worms come in and write the main part.

ROBIN

Shh! It's a commercial.

PHIL

(SINCERELY) Oh. Well those are always good.

(THEY WATCH INTENTLY AS WE...)

FADE OUT.

(INTO: COMMERCIAL)

ACT I, SC. 1
Int. Middle Class
Liv. Rm. - After
Commercial
(Phil, Robin, Timmy,
Todd, Rip)

FADE IN:

INT. SAME MIDDLE CLASS COUPLE'S LIVING ROOM -
AFTER COMMERCIAL

(ON THE COUPLE'S TELEVISION WE SEE:)

(TODD AND RIP SITTING ON THE SOFA IN THEIR
LIVING ROOM)

PHIL

I knew it! See?! A couple of
jerks sitting on their couch
in a living room and not a
dolphin in sight. I'm blown
away by the originality
already!

ROBIN

Shhh.

(WE GO FULL FRAME INTO THE TV)

CUT TO:

ACT I, SC. 2
Int. Liv. Rm. - Evening
(Todd, Rip, Hamster)

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

(TODD AND RIP ARE SITTING ON THE SOFA, WAITING
IMPATIENTLY. TODD KEEPS CHECKING HIS WATCH.
AFTER A MOMENT OR TWO, RIP PICKS UP A NEARBY
VASE AND SMASHES IT OVER HIS OWN HEAD)

TODD

Rip, what are you doing?

(RIP GETS UP AND HEADS TO WALL CLOCK)

RIP

Sometimes, when I hit just
the right spot on my brain, I
can make myself forget how
hungry I am.

(RIP TAKES WALL CLOCK AND CRASHES IT OVER HIS HEAD)

CHYRON UNDER HIM: "RIP: DEMOGRAPHIC APPEAL - MEN 18-35".

TODD

You know I think the reason
we're doing so bad in college
is because we never have any
food in this house and
malnutrition is detrimentally
affecting our thought processes.

RIP

That and the fact that we
never study. I'm starving to
death here. I've already lost
most of my strength, see?

(RIP PICKS UP ANOTHER VASE AND SMASHES IT OVER
TODD'S HEAD)

TODD

Oh, yeah. Normally you would
have knocked me right out.

(AS TODD RUBS HIS HEAD, WE:)

CHYRON: "TODD: DEMOGRAPHIC APPEAL - WOMEN 18-45".

RIP

Where's our moron hippie roommate, Neil, with the groceries?! We haven't eaten since early this morning.

TODD

He's probably lost again. It is two blocks to the store.

RIP

Well I'm not just gonna sit here and die. There has to be a decent source of protein somewhere in this house. I mean...(SEES SOMETHING) Ahhh.

(RIP'S GAZE HAS FALLEN ONTO THEIR CUTE LITTLE PET HAMSTER, HARRY, WHO IS HAPPILY HUMMING HIS HAMSTER TUNE. WHEN HE SEES RIP, HE FALLS SILENT)

CHYRON: "HARRY THE HAMSTER: DEMOGRAPHIC APPEAL - RODENTS 2-6"

(RIP WALKS VERY NONCHALANTLY OVER TO IT)

RIP (CONT'D)

(VERY INNOCENTLY)

Well, well, if it isn't our cute little friend Harry the Hamster. (TO HARRY) How are you today my chubby, but low in cholesterol, pal?

HARRY THE HAMSTER

Stuff your mug with something
else, loser!

(HARRY CHOMPS DOWN ONTO RIP'S OUTSTRETCHED
FINGER. RIP HAS QUITE A STRUGGLE TO BREAK
FREE)

RIP

I'm bleeding! I'll get you
for that you little...

(A THOUGHT OCCURS TO RIP. HE EXAMINES HIS
BLEEDING FINGER AND DECIDES TO MAKE THE BEST
OF IT. HE PUTS THE FINGER IN HIS MOUTH AND
SUCKS. IT'S A BETTER MEAL THAN NOTHING)

TODD

Rip, you're disgusting!

(TODD TURNS AWAY BUT THEN THINKS ABOUT IT AND
BITES INTO HIS OWN FINGER)

CUT TO:

ACT I, SC. 3
Int. Liv. Rm. -
Night
(Linda, Boyfriend)

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

(ANOTHER COUPLE IS WATCHING THE SHOW, LINDA AND
HER BOYFRIEND)

LINDA

You know I kind of liked
those characters until they
wanted to eat that
defenseless animal. (SHE
TAKES A BITE OUT OF A CHICKEN
DRUMSTICK)

CUT TO:

ACT I, SC. 4A
Ext. Street Alley -
Evening
(Neil, Ty, Mugger,
2 Rats)

EXT. STREET AND ALLEY - EVENING

(NEIL IS WALKING HOME WITH A BIG BAG OF GROCERIES. A COLLEGE FRIEND, TY, COMES UP TO HIM)

TY

Hey, Neil, you want to come over? We're having a party at our place.

NEIL

Hey, I'd love to, man, but I got to get home. I'm already late with the supper and my roommates are probably drinking their own blood by now.

TY

Well, I got my car around the corner. You want a lift home?

NEIL

No thanks. I'd rather take a shortcut down this really dark and threatening alley where that recent rash of muggings has been taking place.

CHYRON: "NEIL: DEMOGRAPHIC APPEAL - ALL STUPID PEOPLE".

TY

Oh, okay. See ya.

NEIL

Hey, thanks for helping
establish my character in the
show.

TY

Anytime. (SOTTO) Talk to them
about making me a regular.

(TY WALKS OFF. NEIL STARTS DOWN THE OMINOUS
ALLEY)

ANOTHER ANGLE:

(FURTHER DOWN THE ALLEY, THERE IS A LARGE,
BURLY MUGGER DRESSED IN THE WORST GRANNY
COSTUME IN THE HISTORY OF MANKIND. HE WEARS
A VERY PHONY LOOKING WHITE HAIR WIG AND HIS
FACE IS OBVIOUSLY UNSHAVEN. THE "ILLUSION"
IS FURTHER RUINED BY THE FACT THAT, INSTEAD
OF A CANE, GRANNY CARRIES A BASEBALL BAT)

CHYRON: "GRANNY/ MUGGER: DEMOGRAPHIC APPEAL:
ALL GRANNYS AND MUGGERS".

ANGLE ON:

(TWO RATS LOOKING AT THE MUGGER)

RAT 1

That's the worse disguise
I've ever seen.

RAT 2

Yeah. We look more like real
rats than he looks like a
granny.

RAT 1

Only a total idiot would fall
for that scam.

NEIL

Hey, what a sweet old granny!

RAT 1

Wait till we tell our cousin,
Harry the Hamster about this.
He'll fall off his wheel
laughing.

CUT TO:

ACT I, SC. 4B INSERT
Int. Lab - Day
(Biologist, 2 Goons)

INT. LAB - DAY

(A BIOLOGIST IN A WHITE LAB COAT)

BIOLOGIST

Excuse me, but that is
totally inaccurate. Rats are
not a cousin to the hamster.

(PULLS DOWN CHARTS SHOWING RATS
AND HAMSTERS)

Rather the rat is more closely
related to Geraldo Rivera.

(PULLS DOWN A PHOTO OF RIVERA WITH
RAT-LIKE FEATURES)

Except, in rats, the brain
is much larger.

(THE BIOLOGIST PULLS DOWN A COMPARATIVE CROSS
SECTION OF SKULLS SHOWING A NORMAL SIZE BRAIN
FOR THE RAT AND AN ABSURD PEA SIZED ONE INSIDE
RIVERA. SUDDENLY, TWO OF RIVERA'S BOUNCER GOONS
BURST IN AND ROUGHLY LEAD THE BIOLOGIST AWAY.
BACK TO SCENE:)

ACT I, SC. 4C
Ext. Alley -
Continuous
(Mugger, Neil,
2 Rats)

GRANNY/MUGGER

(undisguised GRUFF MALE
VOICE) Excuse me, young man.
Could you give me a hand. My
arthritis is acting up.

NEIL

No problem. It's up to the
young to help the old because
we're all really just one
timeless being in the universe.

(NEIL WALKS UP TO THE "GRANNY")

GRANNY/MUGGER

Okay, hippie. Give me your
money.

NEIL

(NOT REALIZING IT WAS A DEMAND)

Gee, I only have a little
change but anything for
senior citizens.

GRANNY/MUGGER

You don't get it, punk. I
want all of it.

(HE RAISES BAT)

NEIL

Hey watch it! No wonder your
arthritis is flaring up.

GRANNY/MUGGER

You still don't get it, do
you? Look!

(HE PULLS OFF WIG REVEALING A BALD HEAD)

NEIL

(TRYING TO COMFORT)

Hey, that's cool, that's cool.
Don't get down. Hair loss is
common in women your age.

GRANNY/MUGGER

I'm robbing you, moron!

("GRANNY" HITS NEIL ON THE HEAD WITH THE BAT)

NEIL (CONT'D)

Gee, you're kind of a crotchety
old thing, aren't you?

("GRANNY" HITS HIM AGAIN. NEIL FINALLY STARTS
TO WISE UP A LITTLE)

NEIL (CONT'D)

(A REALIZATION) Hey, you
can't fool me. You're not an
old lady at all, you're a...
middle aged lady! And in that
case hair loss is a problem.

("GRANNY" STARTS TO ADVANCE ON HIM)

NEIL (CONT'D)

Eww. Fear! Panic! I'm being
victimized here!

ANGLE ON RATS:

RAT 1

You want to help him?

RAT 2

Naah. Do you?

RAT 1

Nope. In fact, let's give
him Bubonic plague.

(THEY BOTH GIGGLE)

CUT TO:

ACT I, SC. 5Int. Liv. Rm. -Later(Rip, Todd, Heather,
Angelica, Neil, Genie)INT. LIVING ROOM - A BIT LATER

(RIP AND TODD ARE SITTING AT THE KITCHEN TABLE)

RIP

Well, I guess what they say
is true.

TODD

What?

RIP

Glass is totally inedible.

(RIP HOLDS UP A GLASS THAT HE HAS TAKEN A BIG
BITE OUT OF. HE HOLDS HIS STOMACH)(THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR)(TODD OPENS IT AND TWO BEAUTIFUL WOMEN, HEATHER
AND ANGELICA ENTER. THEY ARE OBVIOUSLY MUCH MORE
TOGETHER THAN THE BOYS BUT CONSIDERING OUR BOYS,
THAT DOESN'T SAY MUCH. TODD AND RIP immediately
BRIGHTEN. THEY LOVE THESE WOMEN AND INSTANTLY
START FALLING ALL OVER EACH OTHER)

TODD

Well if it isn't our gorgeous
neighbors, Heather and Angelica!

HEATHER AND ANGELICA

Hi boys!

CHYRON: "HEATHER AND ANGELICA: DEMOGRAPHIC APPEAL -
ALL HEALTHY RED BLOODED AMERICAN MEN WITH SEXUAL ORGANS"(RIP immediately PUSHES RIP OUT OF THE WAY AND
KNOCKS HIM TO THE GROUND. THE BOYS TRY TO BE "SO
COOL" BUT OF COURSE FAIL MISERABLY)

RIP

And what brings you here, you
firey vixens?

HEATHER

Well, we got invited to this
major party Saturday night.

TODD

(GETTING UP - COCKY)

I understand.

ANGELICA

Now we know how incredibly
popular you guys are. And this
is really short notice but...

TODD

(SUPER COCKY)

Go ahead, ask us.

(RIP KNOCKS HIM DOWN AGAIN)

HEATHER

Okay. Would you clean our
house while we're out?

RIP

Wait a minute! You expect us to
spend our Saturday night breaking
our backs cleaning your house for
free while you go with other guys
to some incredible party?

ANGELICA

Yeah.

RIP

(BEAT) All right.

TODD

Yeah, sure.

ANGELICA

Great. And do a better job
than last time.

HEATHER

The floors really need scrubbing.

TODD

Don't worry. And thanks for
thinking of us.

ANGELICA

Yeah, right.

(HEATHER AND ANGELICA CAN'T HELP BUT LAUGH AT
THESE GOOFBALLS AS THEY EXIT. TODD AND RIP
LOOK AT EACH OTHER IN SILENCE AND THEN DO
A HIGH FIVE)

TODD

Yes! Are they crazy in love
with us or what?

RIP

I predict within the year
we'll be washing their cars!

(NEIL ENTERS)

TODD

Well, it's about time. Neil,
you better have a good excuse
for being this late.

NEIL

Well, as a matter of fact I
do. I was...

TODD

I don't want to hear it,
Neil. We're starving.

RIP

Just make dinner.

NEIL

All right, all right. I
almost forgot, nobody ever
cares about anything that
happens to me around here.

(THEY ALL EXIT INTO KITCHEN)

ACT I, SC. 5A
Int. Kit. - Continuous
(Neil, Todd, Rip,
Genie)

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

(NEIL STARTS TO RUB THE COFFEE POT CLEAN WITH
A CLOTH. UNNOTICED BY THE BOYS, SMOKE COMES
OUT OF THE POT AND TURNS INTO A BIG GENIE)

NEIL

Coffee pot, filthy as usual.

UNDER HIM WE CHYRON - "GENIE: DEMOGRAPHIC
APPEAL: BARBARA EDEN"

(HE STANDS BEHIND NEIL, ARMS FOLDED AWAITING
INSTRUCTIONS. STILL NO ONE SEES HIM)

TODD

(TAPPING IMPATIENTLY)

Neil, isn't it ready yet?

NEIL

No, Todd. I only have two
hands you know. I wish I had
ten for all the work I do
around here but that's the
way it is.

(THE GENIE "BLINKS" AND, PRESTO, NEIL HAS SEVEN ARMS COMING OUT OF HIS BODY. HIS WORK DONE, THE GENIE RESMOKES AND GOES BACK INTO THE POT)

NEIL (CONT'D)

Hey, wow! Cosmic! Hey, guys
look at me! I've got ten
arms!!

(TODD AND RIP TURN TO LOOK AT NEIL. THEY ARE NOT IMPRESSED)

TODD

Well good for you, Neil. I
suppose you think that makes
you better than the rest of us.

NEIL

No I just...

RIP

In fact Mr. Better Than
Everybody, we expect you
to use those new arms of
yours to get our dinner
even faster.

NEIL

Oh right. Just deny I'm
special.

(NEIL RUNS THE HOT WATER AND FILLS THE COFFEE POT WITH THE SCALDING LIQUID. WE HEAR THE GENIE SCREAM AND DIE. NEIL'S EXTRA ARMS SUDDENLY DISAPPEAR)

NEIL (CONT'D)

(UPSET) Oh floppy disks! They're
gone! And before I even had
a chance to use them on a date.

TODD

Neil, why are you just
boiling water? We're
famished here!

NEIL

Because water is all we have!

RIP

What?!!!

NEIL

That's what I've been trying to
tell you. I was mugged and almost
killed on the way home and he got
all our money and food.

RIP

Our food?!!! Oh my God, why
didn't you say so?! Okay,
don't panic. Everybody stay
calm. When something like
this happens, it's real
clear what we're supposed
to do. (BEAT) We're going
to have to eat Neil. (OPENS
OVEN - TO NEIL) Get in.

NEIL

Guys, it's going to be okay.
We're going to get everything
back by tonight.

TODD

How?

NEIL

Well, toward the end, as he
was beating me on the head
with his bat, I could tell his
heart wasn't really in it. I
think he was feeling guilty.

RIP

All right, Neil. I gave you
your chance. (CLOSES OVEN) I'm
just going to have to eat you raw.

(RIP GOES TO THE FRIDGE AND GETS SOME MUSTARD)

TODD

(SARCASTIC) What do you expect,
Neil? That he'll just come here
and give all our stuff back.

NEIL

Yeah. That's why I gave him our
address.

(RIP EXTENDS NEIL'S ARM AND PUTS THE MUSTARD
DOWN THE LENGTH OF IT)

TODD

What?! You gave a violent
criminal our address?!

NEIL

Yep. And just in case his
conscience hits him in the
middle of the night, I gave
him a spare key.

(RIP IS ABOUT TO BITE INTO NEIL'S ARM BUT
THE LAST PIECE OF INFO STOPS HIM COLD)

RIP

Forget it. I could never
digest anything this stupid!

(HE DROPS NEIL'S ARM)

TODD

(PANICKED) That mugger maniac
is going to come here tonight
and murder us in our beds!

(FALSE BRAVADO) Not that that
worries me or anything.

RIP

Yeah, nothing scares us.

TODD

Right, we're radicals in this
house! We live life on the edge!

(BEAT) You want to all sleep
together tonight?

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT I, SC. 6
Ext. Beach - Day
(Rip, Heather,
Todd, Neil)

EXT. BEACH - DAY (BLUE SCREEN)

(RIP IS ON A BEAUTIFUL BEACH RUNNING TOWARD A GORGEOUS BIKINI CLAD HEATHER (WITH A SIMILAR PUNK HAIR STYLE) WHO IS, LIKEWISE, RUNNING TOWARD HIM - ALL IN CLICHE SLOW MOTION. THEY RUN INTO EACH OTHERS' ARMS BUT JUST AS HE IS ABOUT TO GET A BIG WET KISS, TODD AND NEIL POP UP ON EITHER SIDE, OGLING THEM, TRYING TO GET SOME CHEAP THRILLS. THE GIRL IS, UNDERSTANDABLY, GROSSED OUT AND RUNS OFF)

OIL DISSOLVE TO:

ACT I, SC. 7Int. Bedroom - Night

(Rip, Todd, Neil,
Woman V.O.)

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

(RIP WAKES UP FROM HIS DREAM. TODD AND NEIL ARE CRAMMED INTO HIS BED ON EITHER SIDE OF HIM, ASLEEP. THEY HAVE ALL THEIR "VALUABLE" POSSESSIONS IN BED WITH THEM TOO, ALONG WITH STICKS TO DEFEND THEMSELVES)

RIP

Damn! Damn! Damn!

(PICKS UP A STICK AND HITS NEIL
AND TODD)

Hey you guys, quit spying
on my dreams!

TODD

(WAKING UP) Don't be an idiot.
You can't see what other people
are dreaming.

NEIL

(WAKING) Bummer, Rip. Why
didn't you kiss her?

SFX: NOISE FROM DOWNSTAIRS.

RIP

What was that?

TODD

(TOTAL PANIC)

He's here! The mugger's
here to murder us as we
sleep!

NEIL

Oh and we ruined it for him
by waking up.

SFX: A DOOR opening FOLLOWED BY OMINOUS
FOOTSTEPS COMING UP THE STEPS.

TODD

That's it. I'm calling the
police!

(TODD PICKS UP THE PHONE AND DIALS)

CUT TO:

INT. NEWHART LOBBY - WHATEVER IT'S SET UP FOR

(BOB NEWHART ANSWERS THE PHONE. WE WILL CUT
BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN LOCATIONS)

BOB NEWHART

Hello.

(THERE IS WILD APPLAUSE OF RECOGNITION)

TODD

Who's this?

BOB NEWHART

This is Bob Newhart.

(MORE WILD APPLAUSE. BOB NODS TO THE APPRECIATIVE
AUDIENCE)

TODD

Damn it! Wrong number!

(TODD SLAMS DOWN THE PHONE AND BEGINS DIALING
AGAIN. BOB IS GONE. HE ISN'T GOING TO BE A
GUEST ON THE SHOW AFTER ALL. THE AUDIENCE
MAKES SOUNDS OF DISAPPOINTMENT. SOME EVEN
BOO. TODD'S CONNECTION GOES THROUGH. A VERY
PLEASANT SOUNDING WOMAN RECORDING COMES ON)

WOMAN (V.O.)

This is the police. All lines
are busy now. While you're
waiting, please enjoy this
insipid music to be assaulted by.

(HORRIBLE MUSAK STARTS TO PLAY OVER THE PHONE)

TODD

Come on! Come on....!

CUT TO:

ACT I, SC. 8
Int. Police Station -
Night/Int. Bedroom -
Continuous)
(Policeman, Todd,
Mortician V.O., Neil,
Rip)

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

(A POLICEMAN AT A DESK PICKS UP THE PHONE.
HE IS COMPLETELY SURROUNDED BY AN ENORMOUS
QUANTITY OF DONUTS. THEY ARE EVERYWHERE,
ON HIS DESK, THE BULLETIN BOARD, MOBILES
HANGING FROM THE CEILING, ETC... NOTE: WE
WILL INTERCUT BETWEEN THE TWO LOCATIONS)

POLICEMAN

Officer Cruller here.

TODD

There's a murderer in our
house coming to kill us!

POLICEMAN

Okay. Just stay calm. Now, do you know if he's honey glazed or jelly filled?

TODD

What?

POLICEMAN

Don't worry. I'll have a dozen assorted patrol cars armed with bear claws out there in two hours.

TODD

Two hours?! He's right outside our bedroom door!

POLICEMAN

Really? Okay, make that forty five minutes.

TODD

Listen to me! We're going to be dead in ten seconds!

POLICEMAN

Why didn't you say so. I'll connect you.

MORTICIAN (V.O.)

Hello, Friendly Funeral Home. What kind of coffins you guys want?

(TODD HANGS UP IN EXASPERATION)

TODD

Neil get out there and check
out the noise.

NEIL

Why me?

TODD

Because he hits people on the
head with bats, and you're
the only one that wouldn't
effect.

NEIL

(GETTING OUT OF BED)

Oh great. Not only am I the
only one who has to do all the
cleaning around here, now I'm
the only one who has to get
killed as well.

(THERE ARE DEFINITE SOUNDS OF HEAVY, THREATENING
FOOTSTEPS RIGHT OUTSIDE THE BEDROOM. NEIL GETS
A STICK AND HEADS FOR THE DOOR. THE MUSIC BUILDS
OMINOUSLY. NEIL PUTS HIS HAND ON THE KNOB. HE
STARTS TO TURN IT, AND, AS THE MUSIC AND THE
TENSION REACH A PEAK UNKNOWN IN THE HISTORY OF
TELEVISION, WE...)

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

(INTO: COMMERCIAL)

ACT II, SC. 1
Int. Bedroom -
Moments Later
(Rip, Neil, Todd,
SFX Man)

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

(THE BOYS STAND AROUND VERY RELAXED AND CHATTING AS IF NOTHING WERE WRONG BUT, THEN, SUDDENLY REALIZE THAT THEY ARE BACK FROM COMMERCIAL. THEY QUICKLY RETURN TO THEIR POSITIONS. NEIL PUTS HIS HAND BACK ON THE KNOB)

NEIL

Gee who knows what horror
awaits me on the other side!

(NEIL FLINGS OPEN THE DOOR AND RUSHES OUT)

NEIL (CONT'D)

(EYES CLOSED - PANICKED)

Don't kill me Granny

Murderer, I'm just...

SOUND EFFECTS MAN

Hi.

(NEIL OPENS HIS EYES AND SEES THE SOURCE OF ALL THE SCARY NOISES. IT'S A SOUND EFFECTS MAN AND A WIMPY ONE AT THAT. HE HAS AN ELABORATE SOUND EFFECTS CART. WHEN HE SEES NEIL, HE WAVES SHEEPISHLY LIKE THE LITTLE WORM THAT HE IS)

NEIL (CONT'D)

Hey it's just the sound
effects man. (TO CAMERA -
TEASING - SING SONG) Made you
stay through the commercial
for nothing.

NEIL

(TO SOUND EFFECTS GUY)

Uh, do you think you could
practice somewhere else,
we're trying to sleep here
and we thought you were a
psycho murderer.

SOUND EFFECTS MAN

Oh sure. Sorry.

(THE GUY TAKES HIS EQUIPMENT AND WALKS OUT OF
FRAME. WE HEAR THE MAN CRY OUT AND GO TUMBLING
DOWN THE STAIRS. NEIL RUSHES OVER TO THE LANDING)

NEIL

Hey, are you okay?

(THE SOUND GUY IS JUST STANDING THERE)

SOUND EFFECTS MAN

(COCKY) I fooled you into
thinking I fell down the
steps, didn't I?

NEIL

(IMPRESSED) Hey, you're good.

SOUND EFFECTS MAN

Thanks.

(NEIL WALKS AWAY. WE HEAR A SIMILAR FALLING SOUND)

NEIL

I could tell that one was fake.

SOUND EFFECTS MAN (O.S.)

I'm afraid it wasn't. Could
you toss me my pancreas?

(ON NEIL'S REACTION WE...)

ACT II, SC. 2

Int. Kit. - Morning
(Todd, Neil, Rip,
2 Bikini Babes)

INT. KITCHEN - THE NEXT MORNING

(TODD IS AT THE TABLE AS NEIL ENTERS)

NEIL

Good morning, Todd.

TODD

Morning, Neil. I'll have Oaties.

NEIL

But Todd, you know we're
totally out of foo... (OPENS
CABINET AND SEES CEREAL) Hey,
how come there's food?

TODD

Good job, Neil. Why don't you
just point out all the story
flaws?

NEIL

Oops. Sorry.

(NEIL GETS THE CEREAL AND POPS BREAD INTO
A TOASTER)

(RIP ENTERS)

RIP

Guys, our worries are over!

NEIL

Yeah. We got Oaties thanks
to a script inconsistency!

RIP

Not about that, our worries
that that maniac murdering
mugger will turn us into
head cheese. Look at this!

(HE PUTS THREE PISTOLS ON THE TABLE)

TODD

Four guns?

RIP

Yeah, one for each of us.

TODD

How could you get guns when
we're absolutely penniless?

RIP

Todd, you runny brained
monkey boy, you only need
money for things like food
and hospitalization. Tools
of destruction you can always
buy on credit, as long as you
can prove you're unbalanced.
Now, if that Neanderthal ner-
do well shows his puss around
here, BLAM! And that'll be
the end of him.

NEIL

Really? Just by saying BLAM?

RIP

No. Just by putting this
barrel into his nostril and
pulling the trigger. BLAM!

NEIL

Wait a minute, Rip. That
sounds like it may involve
violence.

RIP

Of course it's violent. The only way to deal with violence is to be a zillion times more violent. I'll demonstrate. Todd, flick me on the shoulder, very lightly.

(TODD JUST TOUCHES RIP. RIP PICKS UP A CHAIR AND SMASHES IT OVER TODD'S HEAD, KNOCKING HIM TO THE FLOOR)

RIP (CONT'D)

Now you've got to admit, that was effective.

NEIL

Yeah, but I'm still not touching one of those evil, smelly things.

TODD

As depressing as it is, this is one time I totally agree with Neil.

RIP

(PUSHING A GUN TOWARD TODD)

Come on, Todd. It's fun. And the girls go nuts for a guy packing heat.

TODD

Forget it, there's no way...

Girls, really? Not that I
need any help in getting any
babe I set my sights on...

(RIP PUTS THE GUN IN TODD'S HAND. SUDDENLY,
TWO BIKINI CLAD BABES COME SLINKING UP TO
TODD)

BABE 1

Oh what a cool guy!

BABE 2

Yeah, he's the cutest.

TODD

Really? Of course that's what
they all say. Not too close.
I didn't brush my teeth this
morning.

BABE 1

(RE: GUN) What an adorable
double action autoloader.

BABE 2

Yeah and isn't that a four
position adjustable front
sight?

TODD

Well gee, I don't know.

BABE 1

Look at that sexy barrel-
slide to grip angle!

BABE 2

Yeah and that long jump from
the chamber to the forcing cone!

BABE 1

Let me hold it!

BABE 2

No! Let me!

(THE GIRLS START TO STRUGGLE FOR THE GUN)

TODD

Now girls, take it easy.

BABE 1

Shut up, wimp!

(SHE KNOCKS TODD DOWN TO THE FLOOR. THE
BABES TAKE THE GUN AND RUN OFF GIGGLING
AND COOING AT IT)

RIP

(HELPING TODD OFF THE FLOOR)

It's a whole different life,
isn't it?

NEIL

Well, girls or no girls,
don't you know that you can
count me out! Vegetable
rights and peace!

RIP

Oh Neil would you shut up.
Peace and love went out in
the sixties! The seventies
was the "us" decade, the
eighties was the "me" decade
and the nineties is going to
be the blow everybody else
away decade!

TODD

Look Neil, I'll tell you
what. We'll keep the guns -
but safely locked away.

RIP

Absolutely.

NEIL

So we'll never even touch
them unless we're positive
we're in definite serious and
utter danger?

TODD AND RIP

Right!

(THE TOAST POPS UP AND ALL THREE BOYS LUNGE
FOR A GUN AND OPEN FIRE ON THE TOASTER UNTIL
IT IS DEMOLISHED INTO A JUMBLE OF TWISTED,
SMOKING METAL)

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

(THE ROOM IS EMPTY AND PEACEFUL. SUDDENLY, THE FRONT DOOR IS KICKED OPEN AND IN CHARGES RIP WITH HIS .45, TAUT, IN HIS OUTSTRETCHED ARMS LIKE A COP BUSTING INTO A ROOM CRAWLING WITH ARMED FELONS. HE WEARS PROTECTIVE EARPHONES FOR THE FIRING NOISE)

RIP

(WHILE MAKING A 180 DEGREE SWEEP OF THE ROOM WITH HIS WEAPON - YELLING)

Hi guys, I'm home!

(SATISFIED THE ROOM IS SAFE, RIP SITS DOWN AND STARTS TO THUMB THROUGH THE TV GUIDE. SUDDENLY, THE KITCHEN DOOR IS KICKED OPEN AND TODD CHARGES IN, ALSO WITH HIS GUN DRAWN AND WEARING PROTECTIVE HEADPHONES. RIP JUMPS UP AND POINTS HIS GUN AT TODD. AFTER A TENSE MOMENT OF SCRUTINY, RIP AND TODD DECIDE THEY RECOGNIZE EACH OTHER AND DROP THEIR ATTACK STANCE)

TODD

Oh hi, Rip.

RIP

(CAN'T HEAR - YELLING) What?!

TODD

(YELLING TOO) I said, Hi Rip!

RIP

What?!

TODD

What?!!

RIP

What?!!

TODD

(YELLING) You know these guns
were a great idea. I feel so
much safer in the house with
them.

RIP

What?!

(THE PHONE RINGS. RIP PICKS IT UP BUT DOESN'T
REMOVE HIS HEAD GEAR SO HE STILL CAN'T HEAR
A THING)

RIP (CONT'D)

Hello?!...Hello?!...Hello!!!!

CUT TO:

ACT II, SC. 3B
Int. Heather and
Angelica's Apt. -
Day
(Heather, Angelica,
Rip V.O.)

INT. HEATHER AND ANGELICA'S APT. - CONTINUOUS

(HEATHER AND ANGELICA ARE BOTH BY THE PHONE)

HEATHER

Hello, Rip. Our dates just
canceled. They both have to
have amputations and we called
everybody in the world but
they're busy so we've decided
to take a horrible chance and
let you take us to the party
as long as you agree to pretend
you don't know us as soon as
we get hit on by cuter guys.

RIP (V.O.)

(FILTERED SCREAMING)

Hello??!! Hello??!!

(HEATHER LOOKS QUESTIONINGLY AT THE PHONE AND HANGS UP)

ANGELICA

Does that mean yes?

HEATHER

Are you kidding? Those morons
would never turn down a chance
to date us.

ACT II, SC. 3C
Int. Liv. Rm -
Continuous
(Rip, Todd, Neil)

INT. LIV. RM. - CONTINUOUS

(RIP IS STILL SCREAMING INTO THE PHONE)

RIP

Hello??!! (HANGS UP) Probably
that killer mugger casing the
place!

TODD

(PARANOID) Oh no.

(RIP AND TODD JUMPILY SCAN THE ROOM WITH THEIR GUNS. NEIL ENTERS CASUALLY DOWN THE STAIRS. HE CARRIES HIS GUN AT HIS SIDE AND HIS EARPHONES DOWN AROUND HIS NECK. BOTH RIP AND TODD WHIP AROUND AND BRING THEIR WEAPONS TO BEAR ON HIS HEAD)

RIP

Freeze!

TODD

Identify yourself!

NEIL

I'm Neil.

TODD AND RIP

What?!

NEIL

(YELLING) Neil!

TODD

How do we know you're Neil?

(LONG BEAT AS HE THINKS, FINALLY VICTORY)

NEIL

Because I look like me!

RIP

But you said the mugger was a
master of disguise. Maybe he
does a great Neil.

NEIL

Oh wow you're right. What if
I'm not me. What if I'm just
some sort of pod version of
myself. Eww panic! I'm having
an identity crisis here!

(TODD AND RIP LOOK AT EACH OTHER)

TODD AND RIP

(TOGETHER; CONVINCED)

It's Neil.

TODD

(PICKS UP A BOOK)

Well, I have to show up at
at least one lecture this week.

I'll be back in an hour.

(TODD QUICKLY SWINGS OPEN THE FRONT DOOR
WITH HIS GUN DRAWN AND SWEEPS THE STREET
TO MAKE SURE IT'S SAFE. IT'S CLEAR AND HE
EXITS. RIP SITS BACK DOWN AND PICKS UP THE
TV GUIDE AGAIN)

RIP

So when are you going to bury
the sound effects guy, Neil?

NEIL

Oh yeah, right. Don't even
consider that anyone would be
burying the sound effects guy
but me.

(THE FRONT DOOR OPENS AND TODD WALKS BACK IN)

TODD

Can you believe, I forgot my...

(WITH LIGHTENING QUICK REACTIONS, RIP JUMPS UP
AND FIRES AT TODD SENDING HIS TEXTBOOK FLYING
OUT OF HIS HAND)

TODD (CONT'D)

Ouch! Rip! What are you doing?!

RIP

Sorry. I didn't expect you.

You said you wouldn't be back
for an hour.

TODD

You could have killed me!

RIP

I said I was sorry.

NEIL

You did enter wrong, Todd.

TODD

Shut up, Neil. I think my
hand is bleeding!

RIP

Oh, don't be such a baby!

TODD

Oh! I'm being a baby am I?
Well let's see how you like
it!

(TODD FIRES AT RIP SHOOTING HIS SCRIPT OUT
OF HIS HAND)

CUT TO:

ACT II, SC. 3D
Int. Middle Class
Liv. Rm. - Night
(Phil, Robin, Timmy)

INT. THAT MIDDLE CLASS LIV. RM. AGAIN - NIGHT

(PHIL, ROBIN AND TIMMY WATCH THE SHOW)

ROBIN

I'm not sure I like my child
seeing all this senseless
violence.

TIMMY

I don't mind.

ROBIN

(CUFFING HIM ON BACK OF HEAD)

Shut up.

BACK TO SCENE:

ACT II, SC. 3E
Int. Liv. Rm. -
Continuous
(Rip, Todd, Neil,
Chest O Drawers)

INT. LIV. RM. - CONTINUOUS

RIP

(LOOKING AT HIS EXPLODED SCRIPT)

You butt head! You completely
destroyed my script! Now I'm
going to have to improvise the
rest of the show!

TODD

Tough tidbits, rakehead! Now
who's being a baby?!

RIP

Of course you realize, this
means war.

(RIP STARTS FIRING AT TODD. TODD JUMPS BEHIND
A PIECE OF FURNITURE AND STARTS FIRING BACK)

NEIL

Guys, guys. This really isn't
very mature. We have to learn
to live in peace and love.

TODD AND RIP

Shut up, Neil!

(THEY BOTH FIRE AT HIM. NEIL JUMPS BEHIND A
CHEST OF DRAWERS. SOME BULLETS HIT IT AND THE
CHEST OF DRAWERS BEGINS YELLING)

CHEST O DRAWERS

Ouch that hurts! But I guess
being hit by random gunfire
is just another one of the
indignities my kind have to
suffer in life. You know, we
inanimate objects are probably
the most abused segment of the
entire population. Let's watch:

CUT TO:

ACT II, SC. 4Door

(Door)

(A DOOR - SAD MUSIC UNDER A LA PUBLIC SERVICE ADDS)

DOOR

People slam me all the time,
as hard as they can.

CUT TO:

ACT II, SC. 5Telephone

(Telephone)

(A TELEPHONE)

TELEPHONE

Whenever anyone gets mad
at somebody on the other
end it's me they bang down.

CUT TO:

ACT II, SC. 6Window

(Window, Stuntman)

(A WINDOW)

WINDOW

Sometimes things get so bad,

I just go to pieces.

(A MAN COMES FLYING THROUGH THE PLATE GLASS
WINDOW, SHATTERING IT)

CUT TO:

ACT II, SC. 7Toilet

(Toilet)

(A TOILET)

TOILET

(VERY DEPRESSED) I don't have

to tell you what I have to

put up with.

CUT TO:

ACT II, SC. 8Ext. Junkyard - Day
(Chest O Drawers V.O.)EXT. JUNK YARD - DAY

(MANY OLD discarded ITEMS LYING AROUND. VERY
MOVING MUSIC)

(STOCK FOOTAGE)

CHEST O DRAWERS (V.O.)

Please help these innocent,
abused items. Please give
generously to LIOHA. The society
for Leaving Inanimate Objects
the Hell Alone. Thank you.

(BACK TO SCENE:)

ACT II, SC. 9

Int. Liv. Rm. - Day
(Neil, Todd,
Norm (V.O.), Rip)

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

NEIL

(CRYING) That was so heavy,
man. I never knew they were
suffering. I mean why didn't
Greenpeace write me about
this?

TODD

Oh shut up, Neil!

(TODD FIRES AT NEIL WHO DUCKS BACK DOWN AND THE GUN BATTLE IS ON AGAIN. AFTER A MOMENT THERE IS A LOUD POUNDING ON THE WALL)

NORM (V.O.)

Hey! You want to keep it down
in there?!

(THE BOYS STOP SHOOTING AT EACH OTHER. THEY RISE FROM THEIR HIDING PLACES LOOKING SHEEPISH AND EMBARRASSED. THEN THEY ALL SNAP SILENCERS ONTO THEIR GUNS AND THE FIGHT IS ON AGAIN - BUT QUIETLY. RIP, BEING THE MOST VIOLENT, CHARGES THE OTHERS AND CHASES TODD AND NEIL UP THE STEPS)

RIP

That's right, run! The
downstairs is mine. I
officially declare this
Ripland!!

CUT TO:

ACT II, SC. 10
Int. Liv. Rm. -
Night
(Hitler)

INT. HITLER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

(HITLER, IN FULL NAZI UNIFORM, IS WATCHING THE SHOW)

HITLER

I kind of liked that Rip guy
until he took over that
territory that wasn't
rightfully his.

CUT TO:

ACT II, SC. 11
Int. Liv. Rm. -
Night
(Ralph, 2 SS Officers)

INT. RALPH'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

(A MAN, RALPH, WATCHES THE SHOW)

RALPH

Did you see that? He's alive!

Hitler's alive! I knew he
escaped. Get him! Get him!

Somebody get him!

(TWO S.S. OFFICERS COME RUSHING IN AND CARRY
THE MAN AWAY)

RALPH (CONT'D)

(CHANGING HIS TUNE) Did I say
that? I was just thinking
aloud. Come on fellas. Can't
you take a joke?!

CUT TO:

ACT II, SC. 12
Int. Heather and
Angelica's Apt.
(Angelica, Heather)

INT. HEATHER AND ANGELICA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

(THEY CAREFULLY PRIMING IN FRONT OF A MIRROR
FOR THE BIG PARTY TONIGHT)

ANGELICA

Heather, tell me again why
we're going to a great party
with those losers.

HEATHER

Angelica how many times do I
have to tell you not to worry
about our motivations. Just
do what the script says and
trust it will be funny.

CUT TO:

ACT II, SC. 13
Int. Neil's Bedrm.-
Night/Hall
(Neil, Todd, Rip,
Norm, Betty, Door)

INT. NEIL'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

(NEIL IS SLEEPING PEACEFULLY WHEN A HAND
COMES AND SLOWLY COVERS HIS MOUTH. NEIL
WAKES WITH A START, TRIES TO SCREAM BUT
THE HAND TIGHTENS. IT'S TODD)

TODD

Neil, it's okay. It's me,
Todd.

NEIL

Oh, Todd. Thank god it's you.
I thought it was the mugger
coming to kill me. Wait!
You want to kill me too - and
so does Rip. I'm so unpopular!

TODD

I'm not going to kill you,
Neil. I think we should join
forces.

NEIL

Really?

TODD

Well, Rip controls the entire
downstairs which is where the
food is, not to mention the
bathroom.

NEIL

You shouldn't have reminded
me.

CUT TO:

ACT II, SC. 13
INSERT SHOT
(Toilet)

TOILET

Oh no!

(BACK TO SCENE:)

TODD

Now we don't stand a chance
alone, but if we teamed up..!

NEIL

Okay, but only if we end this
thing peacefully.

TODD

Okay then, we'll very peacefully
smother him with a pillow.

NEIL

Yeah, that sounds good.

(NEIL OPENS HIS DOOR TO HEAD DOWNSTAIRS AND FINDS HE'S STARING DOWN THE BARREL OF A LARGE CANNON. RIP IS, OF COURSE, RIGHT BEHIND IT WEARING BULLET BELTS AND AN ASSORTMENT OF GRENADES)

RIP

Guess what, guys! My mail
order military surplus came!

TODD

(SUCKING UP) Gee, Rip. Neil
and I were just talking about
working out some sort of
peace treaty.

NEIL

Yeah, and about killing you
in your sleep.

RIP

Ready!...Aim!...

(TODD SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT)

TODD

(TO NEIL) Big mouth!

NEIL

Well at least we're safe.

TODD

Neil, just closing the door
does not protect you from a
forty millimeter cannon.

NEIL

Oh, right. (NEIL LOCKS THE
DOOR)

CUT TO:

INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS

(RIP LOBS A GRENADE AT THE DOOR. IT BLOWS IT
OFF ITS HINGES)

CUT TO:

INT. NEIL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

RIP

Here's Johnny! Now, as I was
saying, Ready! Aim! Fire!

(NEIL AND TODD JUMP BEHIND A BED. THE CANNON GOES
OFF, BLOWING A HUGE HOLE IN THE WALL BEHIND THEM
AND RIGHT INTO THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR. THROUGH THE
HOLE WE SEE A VERY NORMAL SITCOM FAMILY, A DAD
WITH A PIPE, NORM, AND A MOM, BETTY)

NORM

Now, fellas, fun's fun but I
told you to keep it down in there.

TODD

Hey, it's not us! It's Rip.
He has all these weapons and
he's taken over the whole house!

NEIL

There's no way we can win.
He's completely beaten us in
the arms race.

NORM

(TO BETTY)

Gee honey, if Ripism is
spreading in the house next
door, maybe we're next.

BETTY

You know, sweetheart, you're
right. We should help those
boys defend themselves so
Rip's perverted godless beliefs
don't eventually come knocking
at our door.

ANGLE ON BLOWN UP DOOR:

DOOR

And speaking of doors...Ha ha
ha. But seriously, I hope you
folks at home are getting the
Vietnam parallel here. By the
way I'm just fine and don't
feel abused at all. The really
dangerous work during the
explosion was done by a stunt
door.

(BACK TO SCENE:)

NORM

Here. You boys can borrow our
weapons.

(THE FAMILY STARTS TO PASS UZIS, FLAME THROWERS
AND, FINALLY, A BAZOOKA THROUGH THE HOLE IN
THE WALL)

TODD

Gee, thanks. And don't worry,
we'll return them as soon as
we're done.

NORM

(SARCASTIC) Yeah, sure.
That's what you said about my
hedge trimmer.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

(RIP HAS BEEN TRYING TO FIRE HIS CANNON
BUT IT IS JAMMED)

RIP

Stupid junk. Should've gone
Japanese.

TODD (V.O.)

(CALLING; SING SONG) Oh Rip!

(RIP LOOKS UP TO SEE TODD AND NEIL ARMED TO
THE TEETH AND AIMING AT HIM)

RIP

You know, if I wasn't such a
well developed character and
more of a cartoon I would
say, "Exit, stage right!"

(RIP RUNS OFF DOWNSTAIRS WITH CARTOON EXITING SOUND EFFECTS. HE EVEN LEAVES SMOKING SNEAKER TRACKS. TODD AND NEIL RUN AFTER HIM WITH BAZOOKA IN HAND)

CUT TO:

ACT II, SC. 14
Int. Liv. Rm. -
Continuous
 (Rip, Todd, Neil)

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

(RIP COMES RUNNING DOWN AND GRABS HIS PISTOL OFF A TABLE. TODD AND NEIL ARE IN PURSUIT. THE TWO SIDES SQUARE OFF, AIMING AT EACH OTHER, ABOUT TO OPEN FIRE)

CUT TO:

ACT II, SC. 15A
Ext. Front Step
 (Heather, Angelica,
 Todd, Rip, Neil,
 Bikini Babes)

EXT. FRONT STEP - CONTINUOUS

(HEATHER AND ANGELICA DRESSED TO THE NINES - MAYBE EVEN THE TENS -ARE THERE. WE CAN HEAR HUGE WAR SOUNDS COMING FROM INSIDE. THEY RING THE BELL)

ANGELICA

I can't believe those jerks
 didn't pick us up on time.

HEATHER

Well to be fair we never
 established that they could
 actually tell time. It's
 okay though. I'm pretty sure
 I can get money out of them
 for a screw up like this.

ANGELICA

Great! How do I look?

HEATHER

Perfect. Wait. (FIXES ONE
STRAND OF HER HAIR) How do I
look? (REALIZES) Wait a
minute. Do you realize who
we're trying to be perfect for?

(THEY BOTH LAUGH)

ANGELICA

It's sure taking those bozos
a long time to answer the door.

HEATHER

Sounds like they're watching
some kind of stupid Stallone
film.

(THEY OPEN THE FRONT DOOR AND WALK IN)

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

(HEATHER AND ANGELICA WALK INTO THE MIDDLE
OF THE CARNAGE)

HEATHER AND ANGELICA

Hi boys!

(TODD INSTANTLY WHIPS AROUND HIS BAZOOKA
AND FACES THEM)

TODD

Heather and Angelica!

(THE BAZOOKA GOES OFF. THE GIRLS TAKE A DIRECT HIT
WHICH RIPS THEIR BEAUTIFUL CLOTHES AWAY LEAVING
THEM IN THEIR SKIVVIES. THEY SCREAM. THE BOYS NOTICE
THEM AND STOP THEIR FIGHT. THE GIRLS ARE A TRIFLE UPSET)

HEATHER

You idiots!

TODD

(SHEEPISHLY) Uh, sorry.

ANGELICA

Your just like all the other
men. Just after one thing. To
see us in our underthings
through a firey hail of bullets!

HEATHER

And you can just forget about
washing our cars before the
end of the year!

(THE TATTERED GIRLS STORM OUT)

RIP

That's it! It's one thing to
try and kill me - but when
you blow up really darling
outfits - No more Mr. Nice Guy!

(TODD AND NEIL LOOK TO SEE RIP STANDING BY A
VERY OMINOUS LOOKING MISSILE AS OPPOSED TO
AN INNOCENT LOOKING MISSILE)

NEIL

Oh no! He's got a bomb!

RIP

(PROUDLY) Actually, it's more
of a nuclear missile.

TODD

That's ridiculous! How could
an ordinary citizen get a
nuclear bomb?

RIP

It wasn't easy. I had to show
two pieces of I.D.

(THE SAME TWO BIKINI CLAD GIRLS COME RUNNING
TOWARD RIP)

BABE 1

Eww, what a totally gorgeous
thermonuclear device!

RIP

Get lost! I'm busy!

(THE GIRLS EXIT IN A HUFF)

RIP (CONT'D)

(TO NEIL AND TODD) Now, shall we work out the conditions of your surrender?

NEIL

Yeah, just take it easy, Rip.

RIP

I plan to. I plan to start taking it very easy around here. Now the first thing I want...

(RIP WALKS FORWARD AND ALMOST TIPS THE BOMB OVER. HE CATCHES IT IN TIME BUT IT STARTS TO TICK AND BIG L.E.D. NUMBERS ON THE SIDE START COUNTING DOWN FROM THIRTY)

TODD

Rip, please tell me that clock is just an egg timer!

RIP

(WORRIED) Um, uh, I'm afraid not.

NEIL

Great. You're gonna blow up the whole world in thirty seconds! Nice one, Rip.

RIP

There has to be a way to stop
it. You know I bet these things
are real simple inside.

(RIP PULLS OPEN A SIDE DOOR AND AN ENORMOUS
AMOUNT OF SUPER COMPLICATED WIRING FALLS OUT)

TODD

Yeah, simple.

NEIL

(PICKING UP BOOKS) I know I
never went to any of the
classes or even cracked one
of the books before but maybe
I can like cram all my
nuclear physics chapters in
the next fifteen seconds and
then maybe I'll be able to
figure out which wire to cut...

TODD

Neil, that's impossible.

NEIL

Hey, listen, under extreme pressure I can read really fast. And the end of the world in fifteen seconds is extreme pressure. Okay, I'm really psyched! (STARTS READING) I'm moving now! Todd how do you pronounce the author's name?

(TODD KNOCKS THE BOOK OUT OF NEIL'S HAND. THE CLOCK IS DOWN TO TEN SECONDS)

RIP

This is it. There's no way to stop it now.

NEIL

Oh no!! Not even with that giant on off switch?

RIP

Huh?

(NEIL TURNS THE MISSILE AROUND AND SURE ENOUGH THERE IS THIS GIANT ON/OFF SWITCH ON THE SIDE)

TODD

Go ahead, Neil. Flick it!

NEIL

Okay. But I heard if you're this close when a Nuclear bomb goes off it can put out an eye.

(NEIL FLICKS OFF THE SWITCH. THE TICKING STOPS AND
THE CLOCK FREEZES AT MINUS TWO AND THEN FADES OUT)

TODD

Neil, you big gorgeous,
smelly lug, you did it! You
saved our lives!

CUT TO:

ACT II, SC. 15B
Int. Southern
Couple's Liv.
Rm. - Night
(Myriam, Harold)

INT. SOUTHERN COUPLE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

MYRIAM

Now, that wasn't accurate
about nuclear weapons at all
was it, Harold?

HAROLD

Nope, not a bit.

(WE SEE THAT HAROLD IS FIDDLING AROUND WITH
AN IDENTICAL BOMB)

CUT TO:

ACT II, SC. 15C
Int. Susan's
Liv. Rm. - Night
(Susan)

INT. SUSAN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

SUSAN

The show's okay but I think
there are too many interruptions.

CUT TO:

ACT II, SC. 15D
Int. Gary's Liv.
Rm. - Night
(Gary)

INT. GARY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

GARY

Not for me.

CUT TO:

ACT II, SC. 15E
Int. Laura's Liv.
Rm. - Night
(Laura)

INT. LAURA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

LAURA

That last one was definitely
one too many.

CUT TO:

ACT II, SC. 15F
Int. Tom's Liv.
Rm. - Night
(Tom)

INT. TOM'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

TOM

No it wasn't. But this one
is.

CUT TO:

ACT II, SC. 15G
Int. Hitler's
Liv. Rm. - Night
(Hitler)

INT. HITLER'S LIVING ROOM AGAIN - NIGHT

HITLER

Everybody shut up and watch
the show! (TRYING TO BE
INNOCENT) By the way, where
did you get that bomb, Harold?

CUT TO:

ACT II, SC. 15H
Int. Southern
Couple's Liv. Rm. -
Night
(Harold, Myriam)

INT. SOUTHERN COUPLE'S LIVING ROOM AGAIN - NIGHT

HAROLD

None of your business, Nazi!
(BACK TO SCENE:)

ACT II, SC. 15I
Int. Liv. Rm. -
Continuous
(Rip, Todd, Neil)

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

RIP

You know fellas, coming that
close to Armageddon really
brought me to my senses. I
don't know what came over me.
I don't want to hurt you
guys. I love you.

SAPPY MUSIC: "WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS NOW"

TODD

Rip, I think we've all
learned that weapons around
the house can lead to no
good. We think we have them
to fight our enemies but our
greatest enemies are ourselves.

NEIL

Heavy. Hey, I really love you
guys.

RIP

And we love you too, Neil.

(THE BOYS ALL HUG AND THE AUDIENCE GIVES AN "AWW")

TODD

Let's never fight again.

NEIL

You said it!

(THE THREE JOIN HANDS OVER THE BOMB AND SHAKE.
AS THEY SHAKE, THEY JUST GRAZE THE TOP OF THE
WARHEAD AND A VERY DISTINCTIVE CLICK IS HEARD.
THE BOYS ALL LOOK TO CAMERA)

NEIL TODD RIP

(TOGETHER) Uh oh.

(A NUCLEAR EXPLOSION. WE SEE A GIANT MUSHROOM
CLOUD -- ABOUT A FIFTY MEGATONNER -- RISING IN
THE SKY. BUT WE STILL MANAGE TO HEAR...)

CUT TO:

ACT II, SC. 16
Int. Liv. Rm. -
Continuous
(Norm V.O., Neil,
Todd, Rip, Mugger)

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

NORM (V.O.)

(YELLING) We told you to keep
it down in there!

(AFTER A WHILE, THE SMOKE CLEARS AND WE FIND NEIL,
TODD AND RIP - ALIVE! BUT TO BE FAIR, THEY ARE A
LITTLE SOOTY. THEY STARE AT THEMSELVES IN DISBELIEF)

TODD

I don't believe it! We're alive!

NEIL

Yeah. That wasn't even that
bad. I still have both eyes!

RIP

(FEELS BACK OF HIS HEAD)

Me too, plus a couple extra! Hey,
maybe nuclear war is winnable.

TODD

Well, we're sure not going to be
the ones to find out. We're getting
rid of all the weapons right now.

NEIL

Right on. That's the rules of
our new treaty, no more
weapons in the house - ever!

RIP

Even I'm for that.

(THE BOYS GATHER UP ALL THE WEAPONS, PUT THEM
ALL IN A SACK AND THROW THEM OUT THE WINDOW)

NEIL

That's it! We did it! This
house is totally and forever
without weapons!

(THE FRONT DOOR IS KICKED OPEN AND THE GRANNY/
MUGGER ENTERS WITH HIS TRUSTY BAT)

GRANNY/MUGGER

That's what I've been waiting for!

(THE MUGGER HOLDS UP THE BOYS AND LITERALLY
STEALS THE SHIRTS OFF THEIR BACKS AS THE
END CREDITS ROLL, WHICH BEGIN WITH: "AND NOW,
THE BLAMES". WHEN THE CREDITS FINISH...)

CUT TO:

ACT II, SC. 17
Int. Middle Class
Liv. Rm. - Night
(Robin, Phil, Timmy)

INT. SAME TYPICAL MIDDLE CLASS LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

(THE ORIGINAL FAMILY FROM THE BEGINNING, WATCHING THE SHOW)

ROBIN

So what did you think?

PHIL

I'm gonna start reading more.

ROBIN

Me too.

TIMMY

Sucked.

(THEY TURN OFF THE TV. OUR PICTURE GOES TO BLACK EXCEPT FOR A SINGLE DOT. WE SEE THE EXECUTIVE PRODUCER CREDIT WHICH IS BLASTED INTO OBLIVION WITH MACHINE GUN FIRE)

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

END OF SHOW